ELEGY

On the much to be Lamented Death of the Right Honourable JOHN Earl of STAIRS.

Who Departed this Life upon Wednesday, the 8th of January, Anno 1707.

THE Sovereign Beeing who doth Beeing give,
To all the Creatures in the World that live,
He whose Decree unshaken still doth stand,
Whose steady Will, and uncontroul'd Command,
Produce of course all Events, Means and Things,
And out of Discord, perfect Concord brings;
This Supream Essence by His Special Grace
Appointed hath all Men their Time and Place;
Particular Endowments, Special Fate;
Their fixed Periods, predestinated State,
And every Thing which to the same Relate.
Yea, Some with Signal Gifts He doth Endow,
And place as Lamps, or Lights, in open View,
Whose Counsel Sage, and bright Example may
Direct the Weak and Simple in their Way:
When such Great Lights do in a Moment Fall,
We are Admonisht to take Warning All.
To Launch our Ships, and Tackling all Provide,
Hoist up our Sails, and Pilote seek to Guide
Our Craizie Vessels, to Emmanual's Shore,
Where they in Safe-Port may be evermore.
Such Events also other Language have,
And plainly say, the Mercies we Receive
Are Disregarded; Neither do We know
Their Estimate, till by some Fatal Blow,
We thereof are Deprived: Then All do cry,
Alace! He's gone, Alace! What shall we say?
The Oracle of Law, The Church's Stay;
The State's Support, Our Ancient Kingdoms Glory
Is gone, is gone, O Lamentable story!
He who of late in Senate House did shew
Profound Experience, and his Perfect View
Of all the Knotty Subjects of Debate
Which so much puzl'd have our Wits of late,
By whose Sage Counsel, and Assistance Rare,
So much is done in the now Grand Affair;
Of Reconcealing these Two Jangling States,
Removing Strife, Contention, and Debates,
Uniting Both in Interest, Wealth, and Peace,
All sorts of Discord must for ever cease,
And We the Happiest Men on Earth must be,
While this great Patriots Fame shall never die.
In Fine, my Friends, this Noble Peer You'le find
Has Few or None his Equals left behind.